

# The Independent.

J. W. ROBERTS,

Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanics, Arts, News, and General Literature.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME V, NUMBER 10.

OSKALOOSA, KANSAS NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER. 218.

## The Election.

### CANDIDATES.

We are authorized to announce N. COLBY as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Superintendent of Public Instruction.

We are authorized to announce ROBERT CROSBY as a candidate for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction.

We are authorized to announce J. H. BENNETT, Esq. as a candidate for re-election to the office of Clerk of the District Court.

### A CARD.

To the Voters of Jefferson County: After repeated solicitations, and the earnest request of most persons having business in the Probate Court, I have consented to the use of my name as a candidate for the office of Probate Judge. The position is one of great responsibility and almost no profit at all, and this, with a natural disinclination to seek office of any kind, caused me to hesitate a considerable time before yielding the point; but if elected, I shall discharge the duties thereof with strict fidelity and to the best of my ability. Should you, however, in your wisdom select some other person to fill the place, I shall most cheerfully "surrender the post" and its cares to his keeping.

J. W. ROBERTS.

To the Voters of the 19th Representative District:

FELLOW CITIZENS: I announce myself a candidate to represent your District in the next Legislature. If elected, I shall oppose "wickedness in high places," the change of County lines, and the needless agitation of local questions; shall endeavor to have a reform inaugurated in reference to Indian affairs; a matter in which our State is deeply interested. In the election of a United States Senator, I shall endeavor to have the best man in the State selected for that post—one of moral honesty, virtue and integrity. We believe our proud young State has such men, and that one can be found who will confer honor upon us, at the national capital. I shall aid by all possible means the general government in prosecuting the war against the rebellious State. Peace is no peace, but a mockery, unless established upon correct principles.

O. F. SHARP.

### A Card.

To the Voters of the 19th Representative District:

By reason of repeated requests of a number of my fellow citizens of this district, and in the absence of a nominating Convention, I have concluded to announce myself as a candidate for Representative to the State Legislature from this district, and in so doing, I consider it unnecessary to "fix up" a platform, but shall ever be found upon the one adopted by the Baltimore Convention, and will only add, that I always hold a representative of the people bound to carry out, to the utmost in his power, the expressed wishes of his constituents, regardless of his own personal views or preferences.

M. R. DUTTON.

To the voters of Jefferson County:

I hereby announce myself as an Unconditional Union candidate for the office of County Superintendent of Schools for this County, at the ensuing election.

A. E. PARKER.

To the voters of Jefferson County:

I hereby announce myself as an Independent Union Candidate for the office of Clerk of the District Court of Jefferson County; and should you choose to honor me with the position, I will endeavor to the best of my ability to prove myself worthy of your confidence.

E. S. CORWELL.

To the Unqualified Union Voters of Jefferson County:

FELLOW CITIZENS: I hereby place my name before you as an Independent Union Candidate for State Senator, and shall thankfully receive and be grateful for your suffrage, should you bestow the same upon me; and if elected, will, to the best of my ability, faithfully serve my Country and County as your Senator.

JAMES H. JONES.

Mr. Editor: Permit, through the columns of your valuable paper, to mention that WILLIAM M. KINCAID, Esq., of Winchester, will be a candidate for the office of Clerk of the District Court at the November election. Mr. Kincaid is eminently qualified to fill the above mentioned position, and from what I can ascertain from different parts of the county, seems to be the choice of the people. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word; a good scholar, a ready penman, and attentive to business. He will give more strength to the Republican ticket this fall than any other one man in Jefferson.

Truly, Pro Bono Publico.

Election Tuesday, November 8th.

## Selected Sketch.

### THE WIDOW'S SON.

"AN OVER TRUE TALE."

BY VIVIAN.

"Here is a letter from George at last!" exclaimed William Southerland, as he entered the room where his mother was seated at her work-table busily engaged in sewing. "And he says there is a situation I can obtain at once, if I will apply for it without delay."

George Withers and William Southerland had been school-mates in their younger days, and playfellows when children; hence, they were intimate friends. They had each learned the same trade and in the same shop, but George, after acquiring his, left home and went to the city to find employment, while William remained at home and continued to work in the same establishment where he had served his apprenticeship, in order that he might be near his widowed mother, to render her the assistance which her lonely situation required; and thus it happened that the young men were separated.

But in the course of two years the hard times came on; many workshops were closed for want of means to carry them on, or because it was impossible to make sales of the wares after they were made up. Of this number was the one where William had been engaged, and he was thrown out of employment. For a time he bore this misfortune calmly; but he soon saw that the little means he had laid up would speedily be exhausted unless he could find something to do. After trying in vain at home until he became discouraged and nervous, he at last bethought himself of writing to George to see if he could not find a situation for him. A month dragged wearily away, and then the long expected letter came, the substance of which we have given above.

Mrs. Southerland drew a long sigh, and then looking up with a half-sorrowful expression of countenance, said:

"And so you are impatient to get away from your home and poor old mother?"

"Oh, mother! don't talk that way?" he deprecatingly responding to her remark. "You know I do not wish to leave you; and the tears gathered in his eyes as he spoke; but then I must do something or we shall starve; and I see no other chance than to secure the situation of which George writes."

"I suppose it is best; but I so dread to have you thrown amid the temptations of city life, where there will be snares set for your feet at every turn."

"Do not fear for me, my mother; I shall be careful to keep out of danger and as far away from temptation as you could wish. I have no desire to be come a reprobate. As soon as I can get work at home I shall return, you may be sure, that I may ever be near you."

"God bless and protect you, my son," ejaculated the widow fervently. "You must go, I cannot say no to that. But oh, be careful, be prudent, be on your guard continually; and remember when ever you shall be tempted to do an evil thing or to depart from the paths of rectitude, that your mother prays for you daily with tears, that you may not fall into sin and bring sorrow upon her gray hairs; for, be assured, no day will pass that I shall not earnestly plead for you with the Father above us."

William went. The place he secured was a good one, and he soon made a fast friend of his employer by his steady habits and upright deportment. The wages, too, were much greater than he had received at home, so that he felt quite encouraged. Every week he wrote home to his mother and enclosed a portion of his earnings.

At first he had no friend but George of a similar age with himself, and so he saw but little company, and as his evenings were spent in study or intellectual pursuit of some kind, he saw but little to justify the fears entertained for him by his mother. His letters home were full of affection and breathed a confident assurance that he should return to his home as he left it—undelivered.

Three months passed away, and with

each succeeding week the circle of his acquaintance gradually enlarged. — George, too, took some pains to introduce him into society; but he did not fancy many of the associates of his early friend, and would not accompany him when he knew they were to join in an excursion or compose a portion of the party.

George, however, felt rebuked that his former playmate should thus tacitly censure him, and he secretly resolved to bring William down to his own level, and that was much lower than his friend dreamed he had fallen. He laid his plans adroitly, and step by step led his unsuspecting victim onward in the path of ruin. He would expose him to temptation in such a manner as to make an unfavorable impression on his mind, and then descend on the sins of a great city.

We need not follow him through all his wicked devices; suffice it to say, he succeeded in destroying that nice distinction between right and wrong, propriety and impropriety, which had at first been so marked a characteristic of young Southerland's mind. He had learned him the dangerous practice of taking an occasional glass of wine, which opened the door that barred the entrance to the path of ruin.

When once a young man enters upon the path of sin, it is but a step to ruin; and it requires something little short of a miracle to prevent him from taking that fatal step.

One evening, after he had been induced to take a second glass, George proposed a walk, and four of them started out on an adventure; the others were in the secret; William was not. On the way, George, who had taken the victim under his special charge and tutelage, said:

"I am going to introduce you to a new class of society to night, and I want you to demean yourself like a man, and act as though you know something. As you may not be posted up in the rules of etiquette peculiar to the circle in which you may find yourself presently, I advise you to pattern after your humble servant until you get used to the customs of the place, when I have no fears but you will be able to take care of yourself."

Southerland had not the remotest idea of the kind of company into which he was about to be ushered, but supposed it to be, perhaps, of the most fashionable sort, and hence the admonition of his companion.

They passed before the door and rang the bell. To the servant who answered the summons, Withers whispered:

"The back parlor, if you please."

"Yes, sir!" said the obsequious maid, with a peculiar smile of intelligence.

In a moment young Southerland found himself in a most gaudily furnished apartment, where, however, there was quite as much show as taste, and more glitter than refinement. His companions made themselves quite at home and were soon joined by four of the other sex, whose manners were entirely too familiar to suit the taste of the novice from a country village. One of them, to his surprise, without the formality of an introduction, seated himself at his side and entered into conversation. The wine he had taken suit affected his head so that he could not reflect with his usual clearness, and he wondered if this was the mode of making acquaintance among the fashionable of the city. As he endeavored to sustain his part in the conversation which had sprung up between himself and his new companion, he also kept an eye upon the movements of the others, and especially of George, remembering the advice he had given him a few minutes before. It was but a little while until he saw that which suddenly opened his eyes, and let the light in upon his beclouded intellect! How should he escape from the horrible place? Should he make the effort?

Conscience thundered yes! But the tempter was there; he wavered. Then came ringing in his ears the words of his pious mother:

"Remember that your mother prays for you daily with tears, that you may not fall into sin and bring sorrow upon her gray hairs."

Down they sank into his heart, loudly they knocked at the door of reason and pointed the stings of conscience.

He was moved as by a volcanic commotion of feeling, and the blood rushed back upon his heart until his pulsations were almost suspended. It was the turning point of a life, and upon the decisions of the hour hung the destinies of an eternity. One moment he paused, but that one word "REMEMBER!" appealed to him with an almost audible voice, and with the triumphant exclamation:

"No, my mother, I will never bring such dishonor upon your aged head!" he rushed from the room, leaving his inmates astonished and stupefied, and the next minute was in the street.

He breathed freer when he had escaped the contaminating atmosphere of that living perdition. Reaching his own room he poured out his over-charged bosom in a long, tender and confidential letter to his mother—told her all, and then fervently blessed her memory in a most feeling tribute to her prayerful instruction and care over him.

After that he never took a drop of wine, never went out with George at night, and in time returned to the home of his youth with unsullied morals and the means to start in business himself.

He was often afterwards heard to say: "I owe all that I am to my mother's prayers, but for them and her faithful warnings, and advice I should have been lost."

## Miscellaneous.

### The Unseen Enemy.

It was A. D. 1660 that the plague of Egypt broke out within the walls of London, and raged with more violence than it did in Florence in the days of Boccaccio. Charles II. had succeeded the great Cromwell, and his reign was as arbitrary as his predecessor's. The people who always find an apology for popular vices in the profligacy of their rulers, were never at any former period more hopelessly depraved and degraded in their moral nature. The strong walls and barriers against famine and pestilence which a correct and proper social system alone offers to the unseen enemy, were thus torn down and leveled in the mire of an overgrown populace festering with political sorrows and degrading evils. A fit time for such a visitation as that of the great plague, only stayed in its deadly work by the fire which followed, raging unabated for a month and converting the unburied dead and dying into an undisturbed and ghastly mass of ashes.

Tumens and other learned men of the time, as soon as breathing time was spared them, sought the cause of this special visitation from God, and after long labor and patient research, left the subject where they found it; not however without finding a prophecy in a learned work of the preceding century, in which the horrors of the scene were as clearly predicted as they could be portrayed by living witnesses. Friar Bacon, who could not be found, else he had been burned for it, predicted a similar calamity to befall the people of England at a later date, and in his book, which is still extant, and is referred to by a modern writer, says the year 1661 is pointed to as more terrible than that which has gone before. There are signs in the heavens, and in the earth there are "wars and rumors of war," which were to precede the scourge, dwelt on by the writer, until the blood of the reader grows cold at the perusal. How are we prepared to receive, what avails us in the unborn to morrow—creeping in its petty pace from day to day? How have the people of the earth lived in the days gone by, to be able with united strength to stand up, against the enemy, who invades alike the brown stone front, as well as the hovel of the lowly, and against whom the largest Paxton gun and the strongest redoubt, offer no impediment? Let us pause and consider.

You spiritual advisers, from whom the spirit of life is fled, look to your sacred desks, and your holy vestments. Discover, if you can, where the fault lies; point it out, and apply quickly the remedy. Teach us to love one another, and learn us that there is a mutual dependence and common interest, in the correctness of the action and motives of action which binds us together as a people. Prepare yourselves quickly for the dread hour before us, in the midsummer season, when pestilence shall take the cover of night and walk among us off, with a dead march to that quiet country, where friends and enemies, knaves, fools and hypocrites shall all lie quietly in cold obscurity.

LEARNING.—He who always seeks more light than he finds, and finds more the more he seeks, is one of the few happy mortals who take and give in every point of time. The tide and ebb of giving and receiving is the sum of human happiness, which he alone enjoys who always wishes to acquire new knowledge, and always finds it.

### Gorillas—Their Ferocity.

The most interesting part of Mr. Dr. Chailu's lecture, recently delivered in New-York, was his description of the Gorilla and other members of the Ape family. The Gorilla is the largest and most formidable beast in that region, being from five to six feet two inches high when standing erect. His strength is so great that he can tear down trees, the sap of which he eats. He does not kill men for food, but when attacked, he is fearful, and with a single blow of one hand will envenomate a man in an instant. The speaker exhibited the skeleton of a Gorilla, and pointed out those features of the anatomy by which he is indisputably distinguished from the human family, and he showed that it is impossible for the race of apes to produce a man, or for men to degenerate into apes; a very comfortable conclusion, certainly.

If Mr. Darwin's notion that the human race may have developed from the monkey tribes had any scientific basis, it would be a little humiliating that other branches of the original stock have attained a higher degree of physical strength than has fallen to man. The gorillas are far more than a match for him, when unassisted by weapons. Dr. Du Chailu is probably the first and only white man who has dared to wage war with gorillas. The apes of Borneo and Sumatra are infans in comparison with them. The far-famed chimpanzee is a great double creature which can never be named in the same day with the gigantic savage of Central Africa. Think of it! The gorilla is six feet two inches in height, and three feet in the shoulder-blades. The pax is that of a giant—three times the size of a human hand. The finger measures six inches in circumference at the base. There is an immense ridge running perpendicularly over the cranium; this and the great jaws are packed with muscles of prodigious strength. The creature has huge arms, altogether disproportioned to the body. It has black hair, and has a matted lock on its head, which it has the power of bringing over its face. It has almost the sagacity of a man, and almost the ferocity of a fiend. The male is terribly pugnacious; the female always flies. When they make their attack they beat their breasts with their fists, making a sound which can be heard a mile. Their cry—which has a terrific resemblance to the human voice—can be heard three miles amid the reverberations of the hills. As they approach their adversary, they endeavor to intimidate him. One would think this was easily done. The fearful sound, those frantic eyes, glaring with the intelligence and malignity of a demon, were enough to shake nerves not easily disturbed from their equipoise. Our hero lost five or six men in these strange engagements. Think of the tremendous strength that, with one blow of the arm, could crush the ribs like pipe stems, and tear out the piece of the side; and that with a single movement of the jaw, could crush the barrel of a gun as if it had been a stick of candy! Another fact: There are no lions in the belt of the gorilla.

### Courting on Scientific Principles.

Among the "necessary evils" of life, courting may be classed as one of the most serious and interesting. If attempted at all, it should, like duelling, be conducted according to some well-defined rules. The subject has not been entirely overlooked in books on etiquette and deportment, but the most plain and practical rules we have seen, are as follows:

"Courtin' a gal, I guess, is like catchin' a young horse in a pasture. You put the oats in a pan, hide the halter, and sit-sawder the critter, and it comes up softly and shyly at first, and puts its nose to the grain, and gets a taste, sniffs it off and munches a little, looks round to see that the coast is clear, and advances cautiously again, ready for a go, if you are rough."

Well, you soft-sawder it all the time; so so, pet! gently, pet! that's a pretty doll! and it gets to kind a like it, and comes closer, and you think you have it, make a grab at its mane, and it ups head and tail, snorts, wheels short round lets go both hind feet at you, and off like a shot. That comes of being in a hurry. Now, if you only had put your hand up slowly towards its shoulder, and then felt along the neck for the mane, it might perhaps have drawn away, as much as to say, hands off, if you please; I like your oats, but I don't want you; but the chance is you would have caught it."

Well, what's your play, now you have missed it? Why, you don't give chase, for that only scares the critter; but stand still, shake the oats in the pan, and say, coo, coo, coo! and it stops, looks at you, and comes up again, but awful skittish, stretches its neck out ever so far, steals a few grains, and then keeps a respectful distance. Now, what do you do then? Why, shake the pan and move slowly, as if you were going to leave the pasture and make for home; when it repents for being so distrustful, comes up, and you slip the halter on."

Mournful Autumn winds are sighing.

### "Quit Pining at Me."

A distinguished counsel being employed for the defence on a trial for murder, found it necessary, in the course of his speech, to comment with some severity on the testimony of a witness for the prosecution. In the midst of a most searching and logical sentence, wherein he was convincing the jury that the witness had sworn to more than the truth, he was interrupted by a jurymen, a tall, lank fellow, evidently from the backwoods—who, rising, thus addressed him:

"See here, Mr. Lawyer, I don't want you to go on that way abusing me; I won't stand it; I'll break up the court if you do; I didn't come to be abused!"

"My dear sir," replied the barrister, in his politest manner, "I was alluding to the witness, not to you; my remarks were not intended to apply to any of the jurors."

"Well, then," said the juror, just quit a pinning your finger at me when you talk that way."

### Arab's Affection for his Horse.

When a Persian envoy was encamped near Bagdad, an Arab rode a bright bay mare, of extraordinary shape and beauty, before his tent, until he attracted his attention. On being asked if he would sell her, "What will you give?" was the reply. "That depends upon her age; I suppose she is past five?" "Guess again," said he. "Four?" "Look at her mouth," said the Arab with a smile. On examination she was found to be rising three. This, from her size and symmetry greatly enhanced her value. The envoy said: "I will give you fifty tomans," (a coin nearly of the value of a pound sterling) "A little more, if you please." The fellow apparently entertained. "Eighty—a hundred."—He shook his head and smiled. The offer at last came to two hundred tomans. "Well," said the Arab, "you need not tempt me further; it is of no use. You are a rich elchee (nobleman). You have fine horses, camels, and mules, and I am told, you have loads of silver and gold. Now, added he, "you want my mare; but you shall not have her for all you have got."—Cassell's Popular Natural History.

### Distinguished Mechanics.

One of the best editors the Westminster Review could ever boast of, and one of the most brilliant writers of the passing hour, was an Aberdeen cooper. One of the editors of the London Daily Journal was an Elgin baker; perhaps one of the best reporters of the London Times was an Edinburgh weaver; the editor of the Witness was Hugh Miller, a stone-mason. One of the ablest ministers in London was a Dundee blacksmith, and another was a Banff watchmaker. The late Dr. Milne, of China, was a Rhine herd boy. The principal of the London Missionary Society's College, at Hong Kong, was a Huntley saddler, and one of the best missionaries that ever went to India was a Keith tailor. The leading mechanist on the London and Birmingham Railway was a Glasgow mechanic, and perhaps the very richest iron founder in England was a Moray workman. Sir James Clark, her Majesty's physician, was a Banff druggist. Joseph Hume, was a sailor first, and then a laborer at a mortar and pestle in Mentrose. These men, however, spent their leisure hours in acquiring useful knowledge.

### True Culture.

"He who aims high, must tread an easy home and popular manner. Heaven sometimes hedges a rare character about with ungainliness of form, as the burr that protects the fruit. If there is any great and good thing in store for you, it will not come at the first or second call, nor in the shape of fashion, ease and city drawing rooms. Popularity is for dolls. 'Steep and craggy,' said Porphyry, 'is the path of the gods.'"

"Culture is the suggestion from certain best thoughts that a man has a range of affinities, through which he can modulate the violence of any master-tones that have a droning preponderance in his scale, and succor him against himself. Culture redresses his balance, puts him among his equals and superiors, revives the delicious sense of sympathy, and warns him of the dangers of solitude and repulsion."—Emerson.

MIRTH.—A little mirth mixes well and profitably with both business and philanthropy. How stupid life would be, both in labor and in leisure, without the gaiety within us which responds to the cheerfulness and beauty around us. Nay, its main currents run all the deeper, as well as fresher and purer, for the light rills of joyousness that, laughing and flashing, flow into them. The rivers would stagnate into pools if the rivulets ceased to flow. Philosophers and men of business save their souls alive, and keep their intellects fresh and healthy, by mingling the mirthfulness of youth with the soberness of age; and even fun and philanthropy are often found in the same character.

Don't be in a HURRY.—A minister as much distinguished for his eccentricity as for piety, died one day with the senior deacon of his church. The deacon, who was in the habit of asking blessings of a wearisome length, was particularly prolix, and paused to gain a new supply of words. The instant he stopped, the minister sat down and commenced rattling his knife and fork. The worthy deacon looking down, exclaimed, "Doctor! Doctor! I'm not through yet; I only hesitated." "Hesitated!" replied the Doctor; "it is no time to hesitate when the turkey's getting cold."

A GOOD ANSWER.—"Do you think," asked Mrs. Pepper, rather sharply, "that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?" "Certainly not, ma'am; it is a good thing, and she ought never to lose it."

Correct definition.—During an examination, a medical student being asked the question, "When does mortification ensue?" replied: "When you pop the question, and are answered—No!"

"Squibbles" gets off this definition of a widow: "One who knows what's what, and is desirous of further information on the same subject."

The greatest coward may avoid shaking in his boots by wearing shoes or going barefooted.

### County Attorney.

We are authorized to announce Judge AZEL SPALDING as a candidate for the office of County Attorney at the ensuing election.

To voters of Third Judicial District:

Outside of the mysteries, plans, or intrigues of partisan politics, I announce myself as an Independent. Conclude, at the ensuing election, for the office of Judge of the Third Judicial District Court.

S. B. VANCE.

## Farm and Household.

PUMPKIN AND SQUASH PIE.—Stew the pumpkin or squash as far as possible, without burning; rub it through a colander or sieve. To a pint bowl full of the sifted pumpkin, add three eggs, one quart of milk; if you live in the country, call it a pint of milk and a pint of cream, a small tea-spoonful of sugar, half a tea-spoonful of salt, nutmeg, cinnamon or ginger to the taste. The above quantities will make two large-sized good pies, but if squash is substituted you may dispense with one of the eggs, and half the sugar and have better pie; by retaining them and adding two spoonfuls of melted butter, you may have the best pies.

The cooking books prescribe more eggs, to which there is no objection if the quantity of milk is increased accordingly. I have, however, eaten tolerably good pumpkin pies without any eggs at all.

A HOUSEKEEPER.

SALTING BEEF FOR SUMMER USE.—For 100 lbs. of beef, take 16 quarts fine Ashton sack salt and 4 ounces saltpetre; cut the meat and pack it in edgewise, after rubbing the pieces all over with the salt; and after a layer is completed, take an axe or mallet and pound down solid. Then sprinkle on a little saltpetre and fill up all interstices with salt, and so on until the cask is full. These who do not like saltpetre, may omit it without injury to the meat.

I have salted my beef in this way for fifteen years. It needs no soaking before boiling, and will be tender and sweet the year round. By this way of salting, it makes its own brine, and never wants repacking—nor the brine scalding. If the brine should not cover it in the Spring, sufficient may be added for that purpose.

NICE PLEIN CAKE.—One pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of currants, three eggs, half a pint of milk, and a small tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda. The above I make weekly; it is excellent. The cakes are always baked in a common earthen flower-pot saucer, which is a very good plan.

A BACHELOR'S PUDDING.—Four ounces of grated bread, the same of currants and apples, 2 ounces of sugar, three eggs, a little essence of lemon, and ground cinnamon, boil it three hours.

PUFF CAKE.—Three cups flour; two cups white sugar; one cup butter; one of sweet milk; three eggs, two tea-spoonfuls cream-tartar, (in the flour), one of soda, (in the milk,) stir all together at once.

FARM CAKES.—Take four table-spoons of sugar; two eggs; three table-spoons of butter; one teaspoon of sweet milk; two teaspoons of cream-tartar; one teaspoon of soda.